Everything was Maudsley Circus.... Maudsley Circus.... They were stuck on Charlie Chaplin.... Buster Keaton.... C.B. "Bagman" Farout was considered hot....

It was clear from the beginning that we were expected to be good little vaudevillians, not clinically-trained method actors who'd read their Stanislavski.... Our worst fears were confirmed when, making our Really Big Rounds, all we heard was requests for old Maudsley routines....

They said psychotherapy wasn't funny....

It was all TALK TALK TALK....

At the staff lunch table we were having a clinical consultation and they threw a shepherd's pie right in my kisser....

They thought THAT was funny....

That was something The Bagman would do....

The new mind reading act was a HIT....

Since the 60s things have gone swimmingly in The Sharke Tank....

Through a decade of social upheaval and political foment we have PIONEERED a new genre of tragi-comic meta-farce....

We have a complete line of videos, featuring thousands of disoriented post-psychotic liberals, disaffected homosexuals, and alienated academics arrested attempting to flee the Satrapy of Dadania, for THE PROMISED LAND, the U.S.A....

We have confiscated alcohol, hallucinogens, and amphetamines....

Drugs, drugs, drugs....

And SEX....

Three wide-open general adult units teeming with 30 burning beds apiece....

The bomb-shell receptionist greets you in the lounge, with a smile like a Commodore keyboard....

All-day room-service featuring a smorgasboard of community treatment orders served piping hot from individual holding kitchens and, for the voyeur, observation-rooms, with one-way mirrors....

This is no provincial lunatic asylum....

This is SHARKE HOTEL!